



THE FLAG *of* PEACE

AND OTHER POEMS

By JULIUS MYRON ALEXANDER



A UNIVERSAL FLAG OF PEACE
 JULIUS MYRON ALEXANDER
Founder

A Universal Flag of Peace

THE blue field represents the protection of heaven over all the earth; the four stars, one at each corner, the cardinal points of the compass, tell us of all the world; the rising sun, with its golden rays, stands for the dawn of universal peace; the white cross, Humette, signalizes Christianity and civilization; the Dove of Peace bears the olive branch, a message of safety.

O Nations of Earth! Make a flag of forgiving.
 Make a flag of glory in loving and living;
 Crush not our hearts with burdens of sorrow,
 End the brief day with a Peace for the morrow.
 A Peace to the land now red from the battle,
 A Peace to the cannon and cannister's rattle.

Address all Communications to
J. T. EDWARDS, F. R. G. S.
512 SANTA CLARA AVENUE
ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA



Julius Myron Alexander

The Flag of Peace

and Other Poems

By Julius Myron Alexander

Copyright 1916 by J. M. Alexander

Published by

THE AUTHOR

HEALDSBURG, CALIFORNIA

1916

TELEPHONE ALAMEDA 371

153501
L43 F6
1916
MAIN

Proem

OUT OF the daily cares of life, as they come to all of us, the author of these verses has endeavored to put into pleasing rhyme a few thoughts as they have come to him. ¶ The flag on the cover was designed by the author and it stands for Universal Peace in all its symbols.

It is a beautiful land, this "Vale of Sotoyome" away out in the West where the gold and the poppies and the sunshine are all mingled in the breath of California. ¶ The engravings are all of scenes where the trees and the waters and the wild are so softly mingled in this romantic vale.

There are failings, for none of us may be perfect, but the author would at least be sincere. He was born in this land out here by the Golden Gate, and this little book he dedicates to you with fragrance of love and friendship. ¶ It matters not where one may live, there are ties that bind, and to all he would give of the love of a brotherhood with the prayer that life may be all peace and happiness and that the Good Angel may give into your keeping that key that may unlock the Gate, someday, sometime, into that other Heaven beyond this earth.

J. M. A.

Healdsburg
California.
1916



985
A377
f

*Better than gold or silver chain—methinks
Is truest friendship—with its welded links.*

Dedicated to my Friends



THE FLAG OF PEACE

O Nations of Earth! Make a banner of Peace,
An emblem to wave when carnage shall cease,
From ocean to ocean forever unfurled,
A love-gift of Heaven illuming the world;
Not for glory of gold, for nations or cast,
But to float o'er all people in Peace at last.

*Peace to the land now red from the battle.
Peace to the cannon and canister's rattle.
Furled be the flag of the conflict on ocean,
Stilled be the waters from wars bloody potion;
As quiet of eve, when the sun falls asleep,
A soft song of peace o'er the land and the deep.*

In the flag we exalt, weave threads of love,
As pure deep and true as the heavens above;
Let every fold that the winds may lift,
Proclaim the sweet, wonderful, world-wide gift;
By the breezes kissed, let it ever wave
As Life new-born, to the Free and the Slave.

Over North and South, over East and West,
Over valley and plain and mountain's white crest,
Where great cities lie, a tumult of toil,
Where laborers harrow the sodden soil,
Float there the Flag, 'tis the Century's right,
The breaking of day from the shades of night.

This be the waiting, the long years' reward,
Prayers that are answered for those 'neath the sward;
Tho' folded in death be the warrior's hands,
Victory theirs in the Peace of the lands;
The sorrows of Mothers, the flaming of Mars,
Quenched in the light of the rising stars

*O Nations of Earth! Make a Flag of forgiving,
Make a Flag of glory in loving and living;
Crush not our hearts with burdens of sorrow,
End the brief day with a Peace for the morrow.
A Peace to the land now red from the battle,
A Peace to the cannon and canister's rattle.*

PREPAREDNESS

Let there be Peace—

*Not that, that would forget in waiting ease,
Nor that of sleep and wanton idle dream,
Then waking, see the birth of breaking morn,
And hear those songs of childish lulla-by.
Those songs that drift and rift and then they go
As songs to prattling child, that it may sleep.*

Let there be Peace—

*But wake and know that there outside, beyond,
The giant whirlwinds blow their killing breath.
And there the earth shall tremble and the peaks
Of mountains, they in red shall break and flow
As God hath made, in torrent tumult wild
And left us, that we fight to live or die.*

Let there be Peace—

*And too, let there be all of pleading prayers,
And like that Nun, who prays, in garments white,
That Nun who knew the stealth of mocking world,
Who knew the fruit of evil, lust and spoil,
And knowing, there where builded walls protect
She prays that all the world prepare for Peace.*

TROUBLES IN A TOY SHOP

'Twas Christmas week in a toy shop, there
Was a Teddy bear, and a doll so fair,
 And a curly dog, and a woolly sheep,
 And a soldier boy, who ne'er fell asleep,
And a little wee mouse with eyes so black,
And a funny old man like a jumping jack.

Up there was an owl that had eyes so big,
All ready to squeal was a little brown pig,
 A crocodile ran if wound up tight,
 And a wolf with teeth was ready to bite,
On a shelf there sat a big black crow,
And an Indian boy with arrows and bow.

Then the toy man left, with a light all bright,
That lighted the shop, as he slept that night.
 'Twas the crow first spoke, and flopped his wings
 And he said to the owl some very harsh things.
The soldier boy put a load in his gun
To shoot the bear if he started to run. .

The Indian man a long arrow drew
And shot the big crocodile almost through.
 The jumping jack swung each arm for a slam,
 And hit the big wolf and little white lamb.
Then the mouse and the dog, they ran so fast
That they frightened the doll as they ran past.

They made such a noise, they made such a clatter
That Santa Claus came to inquire the matter;
 He called up his court and he tried them all
 From the wise old owl and the mouse so small,
To the soldier boy there, with loaded gun,
And the big black crow that laughed at the fun.

With strings very strong he bound them tight,
And sentenced them each that very night,
 The lamb and the dog and the doll so fair,
 The mouse and the owl and all that were there,
To be hanged high up on a Christmas tree
That all of the people might come and see.

GET ON THE MERRY-GO-'ROUND

Perhaps you're having a tough time through life,
Unless you've married a very rich wife—
Or Pa or Ma cut you out a big slice,
And left you free from the turn of the dice,
Perhaps that your crops won't pay you to pick,
And you're feeling blue and you're half way sick;
Perhaps you're hungry and your purse looks thin—
But you've tried as hard as you could to win;
Don't worry, but stick on top of the ground,
And get in with the bunch on the Merry-go-round.

If waters rise high and your house floats away,
Or fires grow hot and it burns to the clay,
If the road is rough and covered with rock,
Or your boat floats in and wrecks at the dock—
If the sun shines hot or the wind blows cold,
Or you lose your cash by a robber bold;
If you're doing the best you possibly can,
But the good and gold seem never to pan,
Just tighten your belt and go with a bound—
And get in with the bunch on the Merry-go-round.

If neighbors all talk, and say you're played out,
And give you a shove that's down, without doubt—
If your friends from you turn and on you sit,
And there's naught but talk and the ice cold mit;
If there's clouds in the sky, and frost on land
And your path is rough and deep in the sand;
If your way looks straight to the poor house door—
Just pull down your hat and go some more,
Brush off all the dust and make a glad sound
And get in with the bunch on the Merry-go-round.

If you can't sleep nights and worry all day,
When the collector comes you find you can't pay;
If the light goes out like the end of the world,
And your ships go down with sails unfurled;
If the doctor comes and says you will die,
And there's nothing to eat but dried apple pie;
If you're sure you've been doing the best you could,
And you've battled for good as every man should,
Don't dream that you died or wish you were drowned,
But get in with the bunch on the Merry-go-round.

BIRTH OF A POPPY

Out from the earth a poppy sprang,
Born as a Queen;
Over her birth an Oriole sang,
In the Springtime green;
A leaf, as a feather, from earth so mellow,
Stately and proud;
A bud, as a cup, with gold all yellow,
'Neath a silv'ry cloud.
There's naught of the land with colors bright
And fashioned with care
As the poppy—born to kiss of the light—
With her golden hair.
The woods and the hills were happy then,
For they loved her so;
The meadows too, and the brooks and the glen,
With her sunset glow;
The West is her kingdom, all her own,
This beautiful Queen;
She rules aright, as a ruler alone,
In her golden sheen.

MORNING AND EVENING

There was no boat, only the restless River
And reeds, and damp and tangled rushes;
There was no light, only the clinging darkness,
And far away the hov'ring mists of shore,
He knew, for him, 'twas coming even time—
A flick'ring wick and pausing pulsing heart.

The setting sun of wayward, waiting life—
Beyond a cloud, but naught of glist'ning sheen
Or silver gleam—only the folding dark;
There were no tears, only the reaching out,
The quickened grasping and the impetuous longing
For light, and for the dash of coming oar.

The morn and with it came the break of day,
And there a ray of light which lead to him
As by a silver cord, the birth of Love,
Faith and Hope—there by window waited;
'Twas then he heard the dip of coming oars,
And light of that new morn gleamed out ahead.



THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
ROYAL
ANTHROPOLOGICAL
INSTITUTE
OF GREAT
BRITAIN
AND IRELAND
VOLUME
LXXV
PART I
1905

LITTLE SHOE STRINGS

'Twas down Broadway in the glare of light,
Her hat and feather and shoes all white;
We walked so gay 'midst the changing throng
While those of the way passed each along.
Happy my heart with the beautiful girl,
Dainty and fair as a delicate pearl;
Walking so light by the broad paved way,
Talking of all that lovers might say—
“My shoe-string's untied; won't you tie it, please?”
The little white bow I tied with ease.

Along by the sea where the waves crept in,
The white winged gulls and the roar and din;
On sand so smooth by the restless sea,
Two little tracks as dainty could be.
We watched the waves and the rising spray
And looked far out at the ships all gray;
Beyond was the sun just setting in gold,
The blue of sky not a cloud did hold—
“My shoe-string's untied; Won't you tie it, please?”
“Pardon,” I said, by the soft sea breeze.

Out in the fields on the May day fair,
Again the tracks—'twas just a pair;
The great oak trees and the meadow land,
The soft brown glove and the little white hand.
'Twas a linnet's song in the leafy bower
And a buttercup bloom, the spring-time flower;
The brook to the river ran whisp'ring down,
Over the rocks both silver and brown—
“My shoe-string's untied; Won't you tie it, please?”
“Sure,” I said, 'neath the green meadow trees.

The moonlight was silver, the starlight dim,
The cricket just sang its ev'ning hymn;
Away o'erhead was the ether, blue,
The wind from the South was soft and true.

Two little tracks in dust of the way,
No one could see, 'less light of the day;
Over the sand and over the hill,
Two little tracks in the night so still—
“My shoe-string's untied; Won't you tie it, please?”
“Forgive me,” I said, as I knelt on my knees.

Years have fled since the bright street scene,
'Twas long ago in the fields so green;
The waves of the sea still kiss the sand,
And the moonlight, too, creeps o'er the land.
There are more little tracks along the way,
Barefooted, some, in the soft brown clay;
Little white shoes, and some are brown,
By trundle bed there, of feathers and down—
Now, half of my time along life's way,
Is tying shoe-string all of the day.

FATE

I built me a castle of brown stone walls,
With wond'rous beauty in all its halls;
'Twas there I would live in a dreamy way,
And there with content for every day.

I painted a picture with colors rare,
The bright and the shade I made with care;
I made for it then a golden frame,
A “Beautiful Dream”, I gave it name.

I made me a home in shaded bowers,
About it a garden of rarest flowers;
The sunlight land of beautiful clime.
With love there to live, till ending time,

Alone was the way that was granted me,—
Not a castle or home, nor shading tree;
For me it was locked, my dream-land gate,
I never knew why—perhaps it was “Fate”.

THE WHITE SOUL

Tell me, O Clay, of that White Soul within your keeping—
The Soul that wakened you from your first night of
sleeping;

That gave unto the mortal, the God Immortal breath;
Thatclave you from the Shape whose end shall be of death;
That made of you its earthly home, a part to be
Imprisoned, with its keeper death to hold the key;
You as Master—amongst those things of earth so dumb;
Your Soul enslaved, awaiting for release to come.

Then tell me of the Soul so White, that came to you—
Nourished in the Garden of your God it grew.
He fashioned you, and then the Soul He plucked and sent
Through Vale of Mysteries and through the heavens rent,
And bade of you to hold, till He again should call
And closing your dim eyes to light of world and all,
Take back the Soul He gave to you, unto His own
Burdened with all that you for earth and self hath sown.

Unnumbered years and long centuries of time,
The peopled earth, its hunger and red fields of crime;
Its Kings, its Lords and Masters, opulent in wealth;
The deep heart-cry of sickness, the joyous song of health—
In all the Soul, as faultless pearl within the shell,
Bound until the end, till tolling of the bell,
Within the charnel house of Life, Immortal food,
As white as snow, it came to man and multitude.

That Soul his God loaned unto him, to be returned
As it went forth? Or shall it go seared and burned
By all of Life's hot passions, driven from its home,
To cry for pity to the blue of arched dome?
And, kneeling there outside the great Eternal Gate,
Cry back to earth, and say: "Oh Clay! Too late! Too late!
The golden key to heaven you held within your hand;
You lived for self—and left me in the desert land"

Then tell to me, O Mortal form! When shadows creep;
And when the Wolf of Gray shall come in breathing deep
Your answer for the keeping of the Soul so White?
What shall your reck'ning be for each of day and night?
What of the cruel scar and of the heavy blow?
And did you care as friend or did you crush as foe?
It pleads with you ere the last dark hour shall come—
Then to thy Soul give heed and be not dumb.

THE FOLLY

Stand up and go, 'tis time to die!
You are but slave, so ask not why,
You are but flesh—a king calls thee,
It matters not, for land or sea.
The mountain bird hath cleaving wings,
But thou art made as sordid things.

Child—not thy mother's boy,
But chess to play—a kingly toy;
Go forth and leave on field thy clay,
A Tsar demands thy life this day,
The smoke and shot and cannon roar—
A life—he cannot ask for more.

Stalwart, strong, of rounded limb,
Thy flashing eyes for death to dim;
It is but war, ask not the cause,
Nor question he who made the laws;
Then pray thy God, ere thou art slain,
And pour thy blood on sodden plain.

Thou shalt not know—perchance retreat,
For thee 'twill only be defeat.
God gave to thee a living soul,
Its home man claims, go pay the toll!
Go out and die on lands or seas,
While Kings shall feast and Follies please.

MICKEY'S CHRISTMAS

What do we care—its Christmas day!
Cold and storm and the wind, you say?
What do we care—how deep the snow!
Hold on! There's Mickey, go slow! Go slow!

What do we care—a tear and tangled curl!
Who cares for tears! She's not our girl!
Shiver and cold and bare little toes,
Just Mickey's girl—with her tattered clothes.

What do we care—a Christmas tree,
Furs and coats as warm as can be;
Horses and sleighs and laughter and song,
Gingle the bells and hurry along.

What do we care—a table spread!
Turkey and pies and cranberries red;
Clink the glasses and drink a toast!
Listen! There's Mickey! Oh no its his gnost!

What do we care for nobody's boys,
Drive over them now with your load of toys!
Get out of the way—its Mickey there,
His little girl too, with her tangled hair!

What do we care—tomorrow you say?
Oh well—tomorrow—that's far away!
What's that out there—a little white mound?
It's only the snow piled high on the ground!

What do we care—just a little white stone
One was for Mickey—the cold wind's moan;
The little girl too, with her tangled hair,
'Twas a snow white slab, told sne was there.

Who cares for Mickey, when snow falls deep?
Or for rags and tags where the shadows creep?
Two little slabs, two mounds out there,
Tatters and Mickey—in God's safe care.

HOLDING ME

The perfume of flowers all sparkling with dew,
The sunshine of Heaven from sky so blue.
A song from the brook, and the river's gleam;
The moonlight, the starlight, as Angel's dream,
The murmur of voice from shading tree,
Like cords of love are holding--

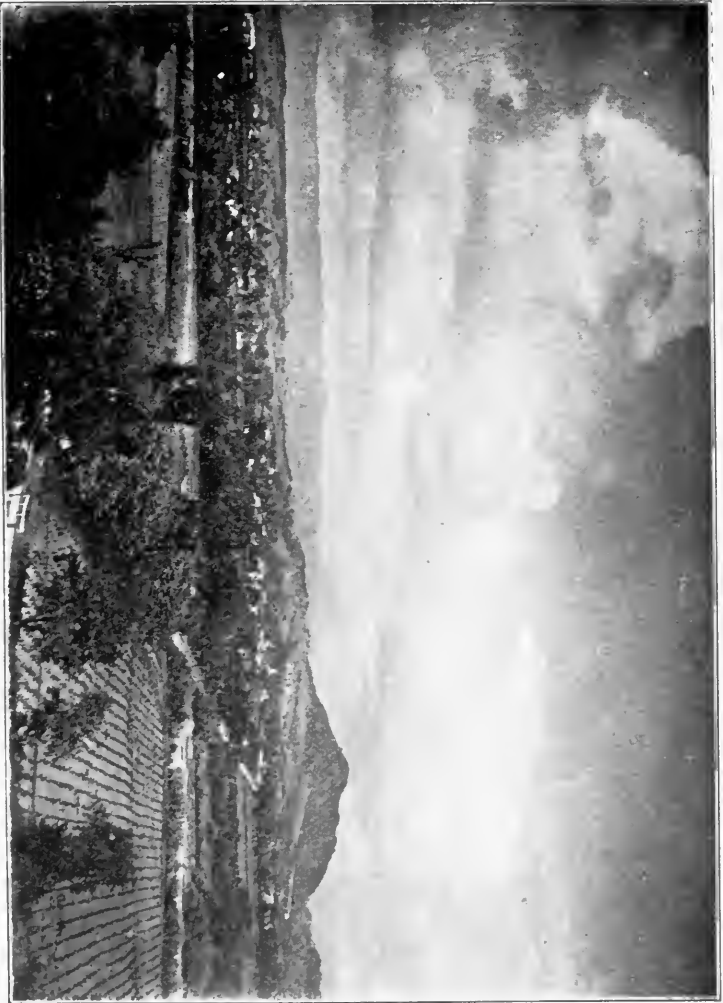
Holding me.

Away over there is the cold and the snow,
And there are the plains where the dust winds blow,
The long, long way in the glare of the sun,
And the heated fields where no waters run;
Parched and dry for the toil of man,
Is the far away land of gray and tan.
The Gates of Gold are locked by the sea,
My heart, my life they're holding--

Holding me.

O, Golden West! my life and my love,
So close to the doors of Heaven above,
Here will I live till my last long sleep,
Midst gardens of flowers so soft and deep.
Twining my heart from the land and the sea,
Sweet threads of love are holding--

Holding me.



THE
NEW
YORK
LIBRARY
OF
THE
MUSEUM
OF
ART
AND
DESIGN

KATHLEEN

Blue was the sky of the land so fair,
Soft were the songs on the balmy air;
Songs of the birds of the brooks and breeze,
Kissing the hills were the bending trees;
Wild grew the flowers, all tangled and bright,
Sunshine of day and starlight of night:
This was the vale of brown and of green,
This was the home of sweet Kathleen.

Winding the river ran down to the sea,
Meadows and hills and brooks of the lea;
Cottages here with arbutus and rose,
Happy the home where the great oak grows;
A Spring time of blossoms, of twining vines,
An Autumn of fruitage of purple wines;
The kiss of the sun as a silver sheen;
These were the love of sweet Kathleen.

Out in the West where the sun falls asleep,
Where floating clouds are silvered deep,
Where buttercups grow by poppies of gold,
And thistles nod in the wind, so bold,
Where the Oriole swings in its cradle high,
And the Robin touches the blue of sky,
There too was her heart, midst all this scene,
The Rose of the Vale, sweet Kathleen.

Sunset and starlight, flowers and birds,
Songs the sweetest that ever were heard;
Brooks and rivers winding and deep,
Hills and trees and soft winds asleep;
The picture all painted of colors bright,
God made them each of sunshine and light;
The best of all, and she was their Queen,
Was the heart and the love of sweet Kathleen.

PORTALS OF THE PAST

Through Portals of the Past come go today, with me,
A winding path 'neath trees and o'er the meadow lea;
Let's turn the backward path, through gates unlocked today,
That we may wander all along the old time way
Where life began for us, in childhoods sunny smile,
In ripple of a laughter, and sunshine all the while.

'Tis not so long ago, the road we'd travel back,
'Tis there we'll see the print of wand'ring little tracks;
We'll see the golden roses and hear the birds of song,
The days were all too short and time was never long;
For we were love and laughter, from morn till evening fall.
Childhood! Shall we go? Oh don't you hear the call?

We'll gather truant posies, along that flowered way—
And there's that little gate—'twas sure the month of May.
A rainbow over there? Oh please forget the tears,
For tears should never mingle with memories of the years
And now, hold tight my hand! Oh don't you want to go
Through Portals of the Past? What makes you walk so slow?

Let's close the gate and turn the old lock fast—
The little path we wand'rd in days that now are past
Looks; Oh! so lonely, for there are none along the road—
Not one of those we loved to lighten up the load.
Let's open wide the gates, those Gates we sometimes dread,
Don't be afraid, God's hand will lead us through the Gates
ahead.

A REVERY

By the firelight glow, at close of day,
Weaving the colors of red and gray;
Alone she sat, and the silken thread
Wove in and out, as her fingers lead.

One was a rose of deep red hue,
Forget-me-not with its color blue;
The silken floss and the needle bright,
She laid them down in the fading light.

For the one she loved, the brightest thread,
She wove in the rose of deepest red;
Why the blue she made with silken spray,
Her heart ne'er told, no one could say.

Just touching them both, each tangled floss,
As the dew would kiss the clinging moss,
A tear on the rose was woven true,
A tear there too, on the flower of blue.

THE TWO SHADOWS

One shadow came down from the green leafed tree,
To shelter a child at play;
The song of birds and the breeze from the sea,
The world was so happy that day.

One shadow came down from a cloud of gray—
A little white coffin its bed;
Tears came down with the shadow that day,
For the little child there was dead.

THE MOON CHILDREN AND THE TIDE

The children came down from the moon one night,
To play with the tides of the sea;
Each child was a beam of silvery light,
And they danced on the sand in glee.

Then the tide brought out from its deep sea home,
Its playthings of amber and green;
A boat load it brought through the snow white foam,
To the sands with their starlit sheen.

There were shells of pearl and crimson shells—
That were painted by Mermaid brides—
There were mosses green from the rock deep del's,
For the play of the moon and tides.

A pearly shell brought a song from the deep,
'Twas filled with the sound of the waves;
Sometimes it was gay, sometimes it would weep,
As it sang of the deep sea waves.

Fishes of silver and fishes of gold,
Peeped out from the waters blue;
The children played on 'till the night was old,
By the sea where the green moss grew.

Away in the deep was the Ocean's roar,
Like a tumult of battle wild;
The wind came in and a message it bore
To the sand and the midnight child.

A battered spar with a clinging hand,
Came in with the sea weeds of gray;
'Twas the only ghost of the silver sand,
And it drifted out with the day.

When the sun came out of the starry night,
There was naught of the play-ground there,

For the tide took back its toys so bright,
And the sands of the sea swept bare.

We are the children of earth and sky,
As moonbeams that play with the tide;
We are born of the earth to live and die,
As the ships o'er the deep sea ride.

Our toys are Hope and Ambition and Fame,
They are painted in silver and gold;
We think if we only can make a name,
It is all that there is to hold.

There is something better than only play,
Than a dance by side of the sea,
There are hearts that are waiting night and day,
For a love from you and from me.

There are ghosts come in with the toys of life,
So a smile or maybe a tear
Are treasures to give in this world of strife—
As we play with each passing year.

SOMETIMES

'Twas just a rose, so very white;
She came and touched it, 'neath the stars of night,
Then bending, kissed the rose, all dewy there;
And with her hand she broke the stem with care,
The bloom she placed so close her heart
Till of herself it seemed a living part.
The rose so fair, it clung as if in fear,
Upon its leaf as glistening dew—a tear—
Oh well! The rose, of course, it never knew;
Sometimes I wish I were a rose, don't you?

THE FALLEN MONARCH

A King sleeps there! Proud Monarch of the forest great,
Upon his bier of clay, as ruler lies in state;
His comrade earth, a pillow made of mellow clod,
And sent its twining vine from banks of fern and sod
To weave in living green about its soft clay bed
A wreath, as people weave their garlands for the dead;
From off the sea, the drifting fog in silence crept
A shroud of white, to fold the Monarch as he slept;
And then, from out the clouds, each borne by whisp'ring
breeze

The raindrops fell, and hung upon the living trees;
These were the tears that came from out the weeping sky
As sorrow hovers o'er the tomb where loved ones lie;
The streaming light of sun, through leaves of yellow Fall
Made shadows dark, these were for it a funeral pall;
From far away, the wind—it came in murmurs low,
A mournful dirge from off the hills where pine trees grow;
And then as solemn echoes of a requiem bell
O'er land, the moan of ocean came its grief to tell;
The voice of hills was hushed as broken chord of song,
And somber leaves of death, in piles they drifted long;
The startled deer looked on, as child would stop from play,
Nor feathered throat of Oriole gave song of day.
Time came and there it left its moss of bearded gray,
And then the Age and gave the Redwood back to clay;
As mortal of the earth the Monarch lived and died,
And there above its grave the voice of Nature cried.

THE
MOUNTAIN
VIEW



Figure 1 displays a 3D scatter plot of 1000 simulated data points. The points are distributed in a three-dimensional space defined by axes labeled x , y , and z . The distribution is roughly spherical, centered near the origin, with a higher density of points along the x and y axes and fewer points along the z axis.

FORGETTING

Slow walking by the path of every day,
A rosebud gathered growing by the way;
Beneath the morning sun it opened wide
With sunlight's silv'ry beauty, crimson dyed,
And touched with every shade and white and red,
And too, with bits of gold its heart was fed,
Like sunbeams falling soft on purling stream—
A kiss of love upon the water's gleam;
On rosebud leaf a wanton dewdrop lay—
'Twas love's caress at dawning of the day.

There by the path I met created man,
To hold both life and soul—'twas God's great plan,
Perfection's type, yet, stumbling as he trod,
Forgetting that his Maker was his God;
He looked ahead and walked with heavy tread,
By thoughts of gain his very soul was fed.
To him I gave the rose from heaven above,
For in its heart had breathed the God of love.
He crushed it in his long and bony hand,
He flung it down upon the dusty land.

Oh God! For man, why make these beauteous things,
The blue of vaulted heaven, the bird that sings,
The rosebud and the pearl, the moon and stars,
The dawn and eve with streaks of golden bars?
He turns from them in all of deepest scorn,
And looks upon the earth where he was born
A sordid spot, for only gain and greed,
As one that's born of low and uncouth breed,
Forgetting that some day, beneath the dust and clay
His only friend may be—the rosebud by the way.

THE TWO VOICES

They are calling, ever calling,
 Silent whispers of the day;
As the autumn leaves in falling,
 As the brightest flowers of May.

Shadows one, in all our going,
 Heavy, as the hand of night;
As the oars that dip in rowing,
 Or as clouds that shade the light.

Heavy as a sorrow lending,
 As the waters deep and dank;
As the willows, weeping, bending
 O'er the rushes of the bank.

Sunshine one, 'tis ever telling
 Of a Fairy land of song;
All its glad some notes are welling,
 As we journey life along.

Peace and joy to heart so weary,
 Telling it so soft and sweet;
Banish all of thoughts so dreary,
 Strewing flowers at our feet.

One of shadows tears and sorrow,
 Taking life its heavy toll;
One, to brighten every morrow,
 Angel whisperings to the soul.

PA AND ME

When pa and me were boys together, quite many years ago;
(My pa, of course, was older'n me, but then I didn't know;)
We used to have a lot of fun, just us two boys alone,
You see we lived upon a hill, like kings upon a throne,
A little cottage hid away, by roses red and white,
And little squares for window panes, let in the morning light;
'Twas there, the green and climbing vines, most hid each tiny
door,
And some of them got clear inside and trailed along the floor;
Of course a mother too, I had, and sisters, yes and brothers,
But yet it seemed like pa and me had more fun than others;
My pa was very good to me, I guess he loved me lots,
But every pa should have a love for all his little tots;
Sometimes for me when shadows creep, along the weary way,
And when the nights seem dark and long and lonely is the
day,
'Tis then I wish, so very much, my pa could come to me,
That we might play, as long ago, so happy and so free.

YESTERDAY

A little white hand, 'twas yesterday,
An Angel held and led by the way;
The sunlight of morn made a path for the child;
Unlocked was the gate and the Angel smiled.
A silken veil and a satin gown,
'Twas yesterday roses, and orange bloom crown;
A heart and a hand and love lead the way,
Of life—'twas the gladsome month of May.
White as the snow of Wint'ry clime,
An Angel turned the Key of Time;
'Twas Yesterday wove the garment of years,
'Twas Yesterday covered the shroud with tears.

LITTLE WHISPERS

There's a whisper of the roses, they whisper soft to you,
As they nod and kiss each other in sparkling jets of dew;
Would you know their soft sweet story, of what their
 whispers say
There close against your heart, they'll tell you all the day.

There's a whisper of the sea shell, the Mermaids story tells
Of hide and seek in mosses, of pearls in cavern dells;
Then listen to the story the sea shells whisper you,
Perhaps they'll tell you something, about some one that's
 true.

There's a whisper of the waters as they murmur to the sea,
The waving leaves they whisper upon the Maple tree;
We love to hear the story as told in other years,
Of angels and their whispers, of smiles and maybe tears.

We almost hear the stars in shadow of the night,
And fleecy clouds they whisper of storms or sunshine bright,
The world is full of whispers and they're most always true.
Please love this little whisper I'm sending now to you.

MY WISH

I wish that I were a boy today,
Out there on the sand and gravel gray;
Out there where the willows bend so low,
And Alders are waving too and fro,
Where lizards and little striped snakes
Crawl o'er the ground to the cool of brakes;
I'd roll up my pants and wade in deep
'Till up to my knees the water would creep.

I'd throw some stones at the blue jay high,
And whistle back to the brown bird's cry;
I'd make me a sling of leather and string,
And across the field a stone I would fling;
Out of a willow a whistle I'd make,
And blow 'till my cheeks would nearly break;
I'd sharpen my knife on a piece of bone,
And carve my name in the soft sand-stone.

With a piece of string and a crooked pin,
A tadpole or minnow I'd sure bring in,
I'd build me a dam of sand and clay,
And wait for the water to wash it away;
I'd whittle a boat from an old dry board,
And watch it wreck on the ripple ford;
I'd skate a rock on the waters still,
And with some sand I'd build a hill.

There all day long I would play around,
Where softly the sunshine falls on the ground:
'Tis then I'd turn from my happy day
To my dream-land cot, 'neath the gable gray;
Perhaps she'd come—my Mother to me,
As an Angel would come from over the sea,
To tuck me away—the boy that played
All day long in the sunshine and shade.

THE END OF HIS TRAIL

A King came down from the North last week,
A king from the frozen sea;
He came with the wind from cloud-capped peak,
To the land of meadow lea;
He bared his throat to the freezing storm,
And crept from his ice-bound home;
He floated away as a ghost-like form,
From the frozen sea of Nome.

He burdened his back with a bag of foam,
As white as an Eagle's breast;
As cold as the frost from ice-berg's dome.
In the land of sunset rest.
He waited his time, this King in white,
For the blow of the Northern gale;
He rode the way in the dark of night,
By the frosted, frozen trail.

Golden the fruit of the orange grove,
And green was the meadow land;
While over the hills the shepherds drove
Their peaceful waiting band;
The palms of the South with bended leaves
Made shadows soft and deep;
The sparrow chirped from their sheltered eaves
As the daylight fell asleep.

A curtain blue was the sun-lit sky,
All over this land of love;
The violets bloomed for the passer by,
And the roses bent above.
A beautiful picture framed in gold,
'Neath the Western setting sun;
The way of the streams to ocean bold,
As the crystal waters run.

The King came down by his frozen way,
Unloosing his heavy load;
He covered the earth in white that day,
And every tree and road;

The orange gold and the violet blue,
He shrouded them deep in snow,
But the heart of man was ever true,
And laughed at his ghost-like show.

They caught him there on his throne of white,
They brought him down to earth;
They bound him tight with cords that night,
And laughed in their gleeful mirth,
That ride was his doom, for they built him a tomb
Of the snow he brought with the gale;
They covered him o'er with the roses' bloom,
For that was the end of his trail.

THE LILY OF EASTER

As white as a flake of the falling snow,
As pure as the crystal waters flow,
The Lily of Easter, blooming alone,
As if for a world of sin to atone;
Stainless at dawn, on the Easter morn,
As out from the earth a life was born.

Only a kiss of the morning dew,
An Angel's tear for me and for you;
From the earth it bloomed, to earth again,
As an humble life, not lived in vain;
From our God a gift that all might know
The infinite love He would bestow.

The morn, the day, then the vesper bells
And lilies, gathered from gardens and dells;
O'er chancel and aisle and the altar's rail,
A symbol of love that ne'er shall fail;
A prayer unspoken, to God, in appeal,
While tears from the heart in sorrow steal.

A broken gate and an empty tomb,
That the Easter Lily again may bloom.

THE TWO

'Tis here the beauty and there the dregs,
Roses a-bloom, and riotous weeds;
The songs of the rich—a cry that begs,
For which will you give from your gift of deeds?

The stars of the sky, the clods of earth,
A crown of gold and the dross of clay;
The way of Wisdom—a path of mirth,
For which will you pray when your prayers you say?

A ship afloat—a wreck on the reef,
The gift of life—a murderous deed,
A shout of joy and a sob of grief,
For which will you preach when you preach your creed?

Valor and glory and crimes of night,
Freedom of thought and a bond of thongs,
The way of truth—forgetting the right,
Of which will you sing when you sing your songs?

So close to the rose, the weed that grows,
And grain that bears in a field of tares,
A beautiful bloom by thistle blows,
They're all of this world, our world of cares.

Of the life we live, are all a part,
As courage may walk with trembling fears;
The beating pulse, a sob of the heart,
Somehow they're mingled—all mingled with tears.

THE
COLUMBIAN



THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
ROYAL
ANTHROPOLOGICAL
INSTITUTE
OF GREAT
BRITAIN
AND IRELAND
VOLUME
LXXV
PART I
1905

THE SONG OF THE STREAM

I'll go me away to the waters flow,
The stream with its rocks and its ferns that grow;
All day and all night, 'tis the water's way,
To sing as it goes to the Ocean grey.

'Tis louder it sings when the dark cloud brings
Its shadows and storms, and its dismal things;
Softer the song when the silver of light
Shall come from the sun, and the stars of night.

I will wait me there by its shaded bank,
By its willow and weed and grasses rank;
I'll say to my Soul, 'tis a song for thee,
As its waters go to the deep of sea.

I'll say to my life of shadows and tears,
That's mingled with grief and its clinging fears,
The song that comes from the way of the stream,
A lesson for all shall be of its theme.

Though clouds and storms, and the rocks and the rifts,
Singing it goes o'er the clay and the cliffs;
In eddy and pool, 'tis only a wait
For the rider ahead, to open the gate.

Then hark to the song the stream ever brings,
'Tis only of joy that it always sings;
Still on to the sea forever it goes,
To the tide-swept shore with song it flows.

Then sit me down on the bank of the stream,
And mingle my thoughts with life and its dream;
Shall it be songs as the stream to the sea,
Or shall it be tears to Eternity.

TOMORROW

Tomorrow I shall die,
Today I look to blue of sky,
And out upon the fields of green,
Out there upon the living scene;
Today I hear the soft winds sigh,
Tomorrow I shall die.

Today a wreath of May,
Tomorrow will be harvest day;
The waters running down to spray
Turn never backward on their way;
The seconds tick, the minutes go,
A leaf upon the snow.

Today the sun is low,
A prayer for golden after glow;
Along the path the shadows creep,
The Thrush of song hath gone to sleep;
You'll live, perhaps, to say "Good-bye";
Tomorrow I shall die.

A little speck of breath,
A day between a birth and death,
Forget me when I'm white and cold,
Forget me as a story told;
Tomorrow at the close of day,
I'll go upon my way.

THE OLD OX SHOE

They dug from the earth a rusted shoe,
A symbol betwixt the Old and the New;
For the rusted shoe was worn on the hoof
Of a laboring ox, on the earth's clay roof;
Deep in the soil where the city stands,
It had rusted for years 'neath clinging sands.

A crack of the whip and "Who haw gee"!
The dusty road and a madrone tree,
A creaking yoke and a wobbly wheel
From an oak, as strong as pounded steel;
Booted and brown with his hair grown long,
The driver as tough as a buckskin thong.

Cushioned as soft as a couch of down,
Polished and smooth as a silken gown,
A lever, a clutch and the springing wheels
Scarce touching the ground, as velvet feels;
Gloved and soft were the hands to guide,
Over the road with the wind to ride.

Of hardship and toil the ox shoe told,
Of men who came to the West for gold;
Rugged and wild was the life they led,
Men of that kind for the wilderness bred;
The mountain, the forest and rushing stream,
But the city that grew was only a dream .

The Old and New in the city met,
On the crowded street of daily fret,
The setting sun of Memory days,
And the morning dawn of golden rays;
The "Who haw gee" and the rusted shoe,
Over their graves came the polished New.

TWO IN A BOAT

'Tis zig-zag then where the waters run low,
And straight ahead in the depth of the flow,
A tangle of willows sweeping down all rank,
And close are the sands to the River bank.

Sweethearts or friends or lovers or wed,
A boat for two, in the glow of the red,
In the starlight dim or the moonlight bright,
A splash of the oars or a song of night.

There's no one to hear, there's no one to see,
But the hooting owl in the big oak tree,
Or the frog in the pool with deep bass call,
And the night hawk far in the alders tall.

So we drift along, 'tis you and 'tis I,
With a lovers kiss and a lover's sigh,
By the river banks and the willow's shade,
Till the songs of the night in sleep shall fade.

'Tis a dream of life for youth and for love,
On the waters still, 'neath the stars above,
The splash of the oars and a boat for two—
'Tis the river at night for lovers true.

Box 17
Cambridge





LABOR AND WEALTH

O Labor! Look to thy home, thy land,
Stay the wild tumult! Peace to thy hand;
See the fierce carnage, the grind and the death,
Hear the deep moan, feel the hot breath;
Pause by the road-way, shadow thine eyes,
'Tis the sound of a tempest, the dark of the skies.

O Wealth in your greed, remember thy God!
Remember the Man who bends 'neath the rod;
Life is but short, but measured by years,
The clod and the clay, the grind and the tears;
Stay thy strong hand from thorns and the scourge,
Greed and oppression—a toll and a dirge.

O Freedom! Freedom, hear the loud cry,
Thy Flag is the stars, thy blue is the sky;
From Ocean to Ocean, o'er city and field,
A peace, a harvest, a fruitage to yield;
Born from a struggle, protection each fold,
A Nation, a people, from lust of gold.

O cormorant Wealth! From thy gluttonous feast
Turn to the Man thou wouldst make as a beast;
From thy palace go out and eat of his crust,
Tread his long pathway of toil and dust;
Be but the Man for the stretch of a day,
Justice thy scale, weigh fair thy pay.

Make not of Law a mockery cheap,
Purchased by price—scorning its keep;
Honor! 'Tis greater than Lord or King,
Dishonor but death, as the Serpent's sting.
The car with the wheel in its journey unite,
If broken, a wreck, and shorn of its might.

Each 'tis a part, by welding, a strength,
Twisted the rope, no flaw in its length;
Driven apart and each in its way,
A tangle of death at the close of day.
A grasp of the hand a lever may hold,
In that grasp, let the hand, a Soul enfold.

Save! That the turn of a haughty heel
May never be met by the flash of a steel.
Fly the white flag of Labor and Wealth,
Meet in the open, win not by stealth;
Pray to thy God—He ruleth for Peace;
From strife and from war bid the conflict to cease.

MARGUERITE

Marguerite, I loved you—
As you came with the rosebud in your hair,
A touch of the sunbeam, a spray of the heather;
As sweet as the violets, as the lily fair.
As love and a dream, soft mingled together—
For you were my love Marguerite.

Marguerite, I loved you—
You stole my heart as you came in the sunlight,
A sprite from the mount, from the dell of the birds.
The moon and the stars shone brighter at night,
And the chime of the bells I softer heard—
For you were my Queen Marguerite.

Marguerite, I loved you—
Close to the home twines the flower of passion,
'Neath its petals a cross—the lintel it kisses.
The shadows of life the sunshine doth fashion;
The gold of the rainbow, the child ever misses—
For you were my life, Marguerite.

But you were for them Marguerite—
For the mountains high with its birds and its bowers,
From the stars to you sweet kisses fell;
And the breath from the perfume of flowers.
Left only for me was the toll of the bell—
For the warm earth loved you too, Marguerite.

A MAIDEN'S WAY

Two lovers went out for a walk one day,
And each held a hand as they wended their way,
'Till they came to the shade of a green oak tree,
Where they paused by the path so wild and free;
The youth was bashful, the maid was so shy
That sometimes they seemed most ready to cry.

A robin there sat on the green bough above,
He saw at a glance 'twas a case of true love,
He looked for some time at the shy lass and lad,
And he thought to himself, "To bad, too bad",
So he sang this song with hardly a stir,
"Tell her you love her, how dearly you love her."

With a blush and a tremble the Miss and the Man,
Back to the path they almost ran;
Down to the glen where the lilies blow,
They stopped by a stream with its ripple flow,
They chatted and talked—and the robin forgot,
Of sensible things, they said not a lot.

Not far away perched a quail on a post,
Watching his family of ten was his boast;
The lovers he spied as they sat by the stream,
And said to himself "I'll give them a theme",
He swelled up his throat this whistle to pipe,
"Get on to yourselves, for cherries are ripe".

Then they moved to a tree where an Oriole swung,
To his mate as a lover many songs he had sung;
He knew the bold way of courtship in air,
And felt deep chagrin for the bashful pair;
So this was the song that he sang to them there,
"If you love her then kiss her, she never will care."

They walked to their homes and scarce said a word,
As they thought of the birds and the songs they'd heard
She was so sad for she wished he'd said more,
And he ne'er said aught but good bye at the door;
She loved him so much she was ready to cry,
He loved her too, but was awfully shy.

The moral to this, if happy you'd be,
In cottage of home or under a tree,
If you'd win the sweet lass right there by your side,
Be bold as a King if you'd make her your bride.
The birds told you how the sure way to win,
Then hug her and kiss her for that is no sin.

KNUCKLE DOWN

In days when you were but a boy,
Those days for you of greatest joy—
'Twas when you played all kinds of games,
With boys of different kind and names;
With marbles round both blue and brown,
Remember how you used to knuckle down.

There was a great big ring so round,
'Twas like the world you later found;
Outside the line, with all your might,
You'd shoot your "Taw" at bunch in sight;
If in the ring you chanced to stick,
You had to "knuckle down" that was the trick.

The boys would call to "knuckle tight",
If you should "fudge" there'd be a fight;
Down on the dust you'd hold your hand,
And aim all straight a prize to land;
To hit it square, you'd try in vain,
Then "knuckle down," you'd have to shoot again.

But now, as years, did manhood bring,
You've found the world a great big ring;
'Tis sometimes hard to land a prize,
For worlds are round and great big size;
'Tis sure you're in the line for life,
Don't "fudge" but "knuckle down" and win the strife.

SOME DAY

What shall it be some day—a smile or tears;
Some day when the heart may be heavy with fears?
We are waiting and counting—the steps are not long,
Some of them steep and some with a song;
But that matters not, there's an ending some day,
When clouds shall gather and dim is the way.

What shall we do when the Master shall come,
Firm shall we stand, or fear as the dumb?
When curtains are drawn and the lights are bedimmed,
Shall our candle be burning, or dark and untrimmed;
Shall we look just ahead to the hour that ends,
And smile as we whisper "Good bye" to our friends?

There's a sob of the wind, that tells of the Fall,
Of the strewing of leaves, for death and its call;
There's a cloud for the storm—the hiding of light,
And the setting of sun foreshadows the night;
The foam and the moan for the shipwreck at sea,
And the white of the snow is a shroud for the lea.

Who knows when the Master may call for the Soul,
When the gate shall swing open to take of its toll?
The laughter and song and trip of the dance,
Shall be hushed with life at a thrust of the Lance.
What shall we do and what shall we say—
Some day—when the Master shall call to this clay.

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

Over the City Beautiful, a spider's web was spun,
Over the City Beautiful, the silver threads were run;
A picture of the city 'twas hung in frame of gilt,
A painting of the city in beauty that was built;
Its waving trees 'neath sunlight, its homes and flowers
and lawn
Were colored into beauty as clouds of morning dawn;
As Garden of sweet Eden, rehearsed in songs of old,
The painting told the story, in frame of gilt and gold.

One almost heard the song-bird, almost felt the sunlight;
Could see, the blue of ether, where stars pinned back the
night;
The soft wind from the South-land that kissed each tree of
green
And perfume of the flowers, and violets there between;
Could hear the children's laughter and river's murmuring
song;
'Twas May-day of the Springtime and days were never long
All these were in the picture, in colors bright and bold,
The picture that was painted, in frame of gilt and gold.

A spider found the picture and wove its web across—
Across each door and lintel it spun its silken floss
From trees to all the flowers and then across the street,
By windows and by gateways, each little thread would meet
Across each busy highway it wove its silver bars,
And tangled up the city, a city 'neath the stars.
But this was on the picture, the spider spun its breath—
Only on the picture—it wove its web of death.

HULLO JIM!

Out there on the hill—a Springtime day,
The marble and granite of white and gray;
Blossoms of gold and myrtle of blue,
Beneath them the green of mosses grew;
One was my friend, I stopped by the mound
Where flowers of Spring were thick on the ground;
My boyhood chum and I called him “Jim”,
We lived and loved ’till the Reaper grim
Called for him, on a night so dark—
With sails unfurled was the waiting bark
Just out of the door—they took him away
With ’naught of time “Goodbye” to say.
So yesterday bright, I was thinking of him
And thought I would say just “Hullo Jim”!
Out there where he was sleeping so still
’Neath shadows brown, that crept o’er the hill;
There I talked to him of long ago,
Of youth when life was all aglow;
Of streams where fishes came to hook,
Of the antler’d deer of shaded nook,
Of lights of day of shadows of night,
Of the tufted quail so swift in its flight,
Of over the hills, through forests deep,
Where paths and roads were rough and steep;
’Twas a dreamy day and sure I could see
A Spirit that came o’er the hill to me.
A forget-me-not I left on his grave,
Only one flower, ’twas all that I gave;
Then I said “Goodbye” to Jim again,
As I walked the way of Life’s long lane.
Maybe sometime we will meet out there,
When the Master shall come and take of His fare,
He’ll meet me there when I call to him,
Then again I’ll say “Hullo” to Jim.

MY DREAM TOWN

'Twas once, back there, in my Dream Town,
I happy lived—not long ago,
Its houses all were castles brown,
Some gabled high and some were low.

In my Dream Town, white locust grew,
And deep their shadows crossed each walk;
When Autumn came, their leaves all flew,
And evening songs, were Cricket's talk.

The birds, they sang, in my Dream Town,
The roses all were colored fair;
The birds were decked in feathers brown
And flow'ry perfume filled the air.

O'er my Dream Town the silv'ry moon
Looked very big and round and white;
And too, the sun, at brightest noon,
Sent down its beams of mellow light.

In my Dream Town I had a home,
By Maple trees all shaded deep;
Above me was the sky's blue dome,
And little streams sang me to sleep.

Now my Dream Town, it's almost gone,
And fading fast is all the light;
'Twas way back there just at the dawn,
But now for me 'tis nearly night.

SUNSET ON RUBIDOUX

Soft was the glow on the mountain's crest,
Gleaming as gold, from out of the West;
Winding the road to the cross of gray,
Shadows all deep at the close of day.

Hushed was the cry of the mountain bird,
Stilled from its throat, no song was heard;
Away in the valley, the orange groves deep
As fields of yellow, just kissing to sleep.

A city of lights, as stars of the night,
Uncurtained each gleam, in silvery white;
"Good night" to the Cross, away on the hill,
From the beautiful city in valley so still.

Soft was the whisper of evening breeze,
As an echo song, was the hush o'er the trees;
Floating a cloud, by the hills away,
A curtain, God sent for the closing day.

Out from the south o'er desert sand,
Plodding the way of the sunburned land;
As priest and teacher in days of old,
The saving of souls was more than gold.

A long weary path of brambles and stone,
The chant of a priest as he stood alone;
Only the mountain, the rocks and wild,
Cut from the cliffs, then rugged piled.

Today, from the century's early morn,
The cross on the hill without its thorn;
Mellow in twilight, the Angels came,
In memory carved a father's name.

Goodnight, Oh cross, on the mountain high,
'Neath the blue and peace of the western sky;
The sunset shall paint thee a golden crown,
And starlight shall weave thee a silver gown.

LITTLE BLUE BELLS

In her cradle she slept, little Bluebells unkept,
Dreaming of Fairies that baby thought carries;
Little tear stains like dew-drops of rain,
On curls that were tangled, as golden threads spangled.

'Twas just over there, a white face fair,
Sobbing a breath, awaiting for death;
'Neath a coverlet white, in still of the night,
A mother's heart broken, all silent, unspoken.

In dark of the night, swept the storm in its fright,
Hidden the stars and the red light of Mars;
Bright gleaming moon was shadowed in gloom,
A darkness so drear, in a kingdom of fear.

A crash in the storm, a mangled dark form,
Borne on the way, where death is the pay;
A father asleep, where the sea mosses creep,
Asleep from the crash of the wild waves dash.

One shadow came down for the man that was drowned,
And one for the soul of a mother—its toll;
They took him away from the white foam and spray,
The other—all wound in a white shroud was found.

Smiling from dreaming, the sunlight came streaming,
The sunlight for Bluebells, for meadows and uells;
It kissed the wild flowers, the sun-gleams in showers
And mellowed each note from the song birds throat.

Alone little Blue-bells, alone, all it tells,
The foam of the sea and the sod of the lea,
Wrapped soft in their hold, held close in their fold,
The love of a mother, the kiss of the other.

O world full of life; O world in its strife!
O world of heart throbs, and world of child sobs,
They are woven together, are mingled like heather
With thorns that are hidden, and sorrows unbidden.

O Angel of Pity! In God's golden city,
Watch over the child, of a desolate wild,

Where man in his greed, forgets of kind deeds,
And the little white hand in this golden land.

The child of today, alone on its way—
They are ours from birth, a part of this earth,
They know not of love, save from God above;
Then give from your heart, sweet Charity's part.

AWAY FROM THE CITY

I might live my life in the city—
Where houses of marble are builded,
Where its walks and its ways are gilded,
Where its streets and its lights are a-gleaming,
And its rush all the day goes a-streaming.

I might live my life in a city—
But somehow there's something out here,
With the ferns and fragrance of fir,
The stories from whisp'ring breeze,
And the wooing of flowers and trees.

I might live my life in a city—
But there's something out here that's calling
As soft as the Autumn leaves falling;
And close to their love I am waiting,
As the birds of Springtime in mating.

I might live my life in a city—
But somehow the peaks and the mountains,
The streams as gushing of fountains,
Where sunshine is hung by the way,
And paths lead to flowers of May.

I might live my life in a city—
But somehow the earth and the sod,
I am sure are closer to God
And the Gate, that softly shall swing
For the Hope, to which you and I cling.

BLOWING THE BUBBLES

Blowing the bubbles,
Only childhood troubles;
Rainbow bubbles, floating in air,
Sunshine bubbles of colors rare;
One, two, three, floating away,
Falling again as specks of spray;
Everywhere, nowhere, falling to ground,
Wingless Fairies all around.

Blowing the bubbles,
Youth's little troubles;
Spring time and May day, then comes June,
Flowers and songs, life's all atune;
Mary and Mildred, John and Frank,
Cupid and roses thin the rank;
Bubbles with pictures of love each day,
Bubbles with wings that fly away.

Blowing the bubbles,
Bending with troubles;
Colorless bubbles on the white snow,
One, two, three, how dim they grow;
Toward Heaven they're floating, away in air,
Away to the sky, away up there,
Coming back as Angels all in white,
Beautiful bubbles, for a soul in flight.

MOTHER LOVE

A perfect rose of sweet perfume,
Woven bright in Heaven's loom,
Sunlight threads and Angel's hands,
White and red and golden bands;
God made the rose, a morning fair,
And in His garden placed with care.

At noon, a soul, God gave to earth,
For human clay, 'twas given birth.
His breath, His life—He made the Man,
Through every vein His semblance ran;
Beauty and strength to him He gave,
For conflict then, He made him brave.

A Mother's love God made at eve—
Shadows, tears, and heart to grieve;
The folding arms and waiting way,
The longing night and weary day;
An Angel came and held her hand,
She whispered love o'er all the land.

The petaled rose—at noon it fell,
The Soul went out at tolling bell;
For Mother's love, there was no death,
All else, He garnered, with a breath.

THE DANCE OF THE LEAVES

Down to the dell the North wind crept,
Where the leaves of Autumn softly slept;
The oak, the maple, the ash and the beech
All mingled their leaves, 'twas away for each.
Sing Hi! Sing Ho! To the dance we'll go,
To the meadow, the meadow, away in a blow!

They were lovers those leaves and each of a kind
To nestle so close as they entwined;
A whirl and a swirl, the North wind's song,
By the light of the moon the whole night long.
Sing Hi! Sing Ho! As they rode away
To dance on the meadow, to dance and play.

The swing of the trees, 'twas fiddle and bow,
As the wind did blow, both too and fro;
The moon and the stars their soft light shed
For the leaves all dressed in brown and red.
Sing Hi! Sing Ho! And swing them around,
For the dance of the leaves, to the meadow bound.

MY VALENTINE

A stolen kiss, a stolen love, a stolen heart,
If to return to you in whole or only part,
Should mean, of stealing more, then just between us two—
The punishment—I sure would leave it all to you.
If I, imprisoned, and you the keeper with the key,
Then fully satisfied, I'm sure that I would be;
If bars were made of only sunshine, I'd not care,
Nor if the gate were locked by silken thread of hair;
'Tis then that I would steal the Keeper, 'twould be best,
Return the kiss and—well I'd keep the rest.

MOUNT SAINT HELENA

Uncoffined the great mount lies in death,
A massive form, bereft of Nature's breath;
The hills beside and at its base do meet
As soldiers sleeping, when their last drum beat
Shall have sounded and left them waiting there
Beside their tow'ring King, unmasked and bare
Save as the mould of gray, about each mound
That clings like cerements close around:
The mountain—it their high born lordly King,
To ether peaks, where wild of winds shall sing.

A page from out Earth's master book, so high
The great mount stands, embossed against the sky;
The white of sun and red of streaming Mars
Upon the cover there, of blue and stars;
There writ upon its sides, in letters scarred—
Time's words—all cut and heavy barred
With gapping seam, and crevice dark and deep;
While Centuries in everlasting sweep
Piled into longer time—of decades,
'Till Mind's Eternal thought in grasping, fades.

There the story told of Ocean storm,
The dim line of shell's decaying form;
Lashing against steep sides, banked and beating,
But marks of living life, e're its retreating;
Seamed again between its ridges narrow
Canyons, deep cut to very mountain's marrow
By rushing waters, strewing the plain below
With chips from master block—ages ago;
And there the cleft of rocks cut sharp and tall,
Against the Western wind, a deadened wall.

'Twas there the lightning's gleaming path, deep burned
As zigzag on its way it ever turned;
Above, the lone peak touches blue of sky,
And deadened cone lies hollowed, banking high
Its sides, where tumult, once, of heat and fire
Poured out in reddened wave upon its pyre;
And then the sweep of cold in icy breath
Kissed the giant to its frozen death;
There, Time, measured into ages passed
This dead Thing sleeping left, on bed deep grassed,
As playing child would leave a pile of sand
When soft of shadow eve led by the hand.

GOOD-BYE

Good-bye is a tear from the throbbing heart,
A footstep on roads that drift apart;
A cloud that comes o'er the sunlit day,
The night that weeps by the pulseless Clay.

Spoken today, all thoughtless, perchance,
'Tis never again a word or a glance;
The great wide world, its sorrows and sighs,
But saddest of all the last good-byes.

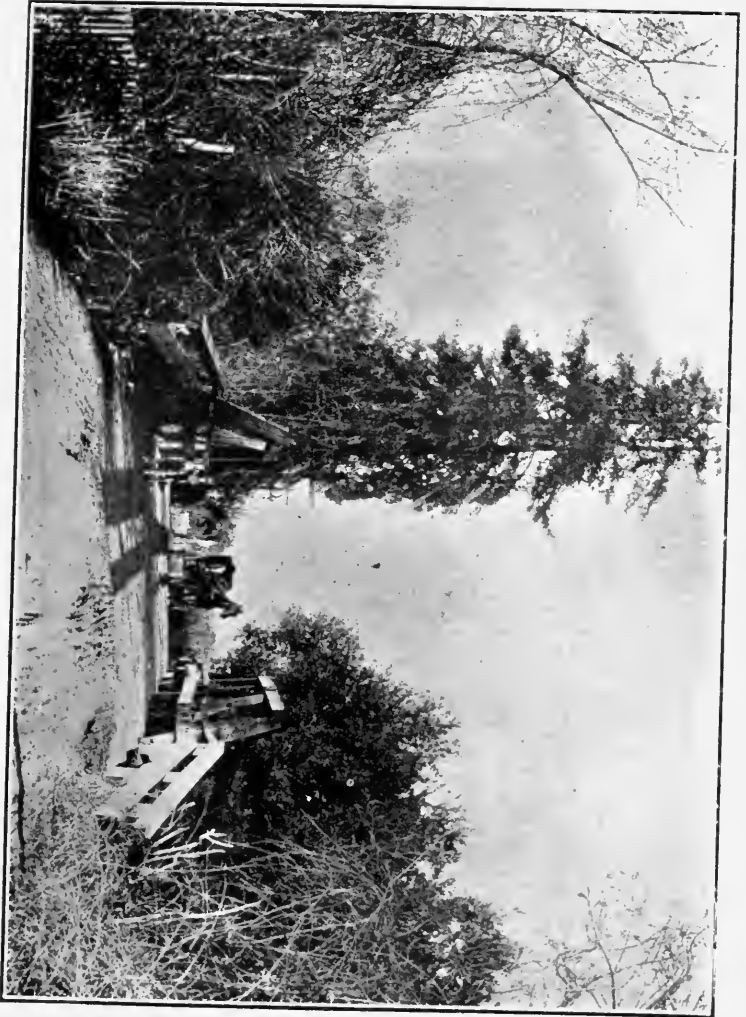
Oh hearts that have loved as side by side,
And hands that have touched all true and tried;
'Tis some time, 'tis some day, somewhere ahead,
"Good-bye" the last word that may be said.

Speak softly, Oh soul, that would go thy way,
No one may know, no one may say;
Sorrow and hope and the homeless sigh
May all be there in the last Good-bye.

PLEASE

In the garden are flowers and scarlet weeds,
In the world are the good and sinful deeds;
We tell of them both in our words and song,
What is right for you, and for me is wrong;
Each man from his neighbor shall differ in way,
Please judge me kindly of what I may say.

THE
SUNSHINE



MY DOCTOR FRIEND

Whirling around he goes,
Wonderful men these doctors of ills,
In auto with grip and box of pills,
Over the roads so dusty and dry,
Skirting the hills 'neath the summer sky;
Out so early and then so late
To hold back souls from the Pearly gate.
Whirling around he goes.

To the little brown house in roses deep,
To the cradle there with its babe asleep,
Crooning aloud a sweet lullaby.
When the babe awakes with its piteous cry,
Telling the mother the child shall live,
Seeking the balm of life to give.
Whirling around he goes.

Up on the hill where the old man waits,
Sitting so close by the fireside grate,
Silvered and bowed, with trembling hand
He is reading about the promised land;
Closing the door against all noise,
Each telling the story of when they were boys.
Whirling around he goes.

Mother and child and father and son,
To see each one ere the day's work is done,
Smoothing the pillow, telling of hope,
With all kinds of ills endeavor to cope,
Holding each hand as life ebbs low,
Counting each pulse of heart beats slow.
Whirling around he goes.

Man and minister,, teacher and priest,
Hungry today and then at a feast,
Storms of winter and summer's heat,
Down each alley, and up each street,

Hurrying, skurrying a life to save,
A doctor with his heart so brave.
Whirling around he goes-

Bye and bye the ranks shall close,
Then touching the doctor the cold wind blows,
His bottles all empty, and rusty his knife,
His trembling hands have felt the strife,
Then the Pearly gates shall open wide,
And through it the doctor his auto shall ride,
Straight into heaven.

WHY?

Five times each day upon the burning sands
He knelt and raised in prayer his sunburned hands;
Five times each day he thanked his Allah great
For life, for freedom, on his desert State.

The hot simoon, the drifting scorching gray,
The camel's footprints winding each its way;
An Arab he, we call of heathen birth,
He thanked his God for that his home on earth.

The bright sunshine and breath of dewy morn,
The fruitage fields and tasselled, waving corn;
Colored deep in flowers and beauty everywhere,
A garden on this earth without a thought of care.

Five times and more, along his path each day
He cursed his God and turned from Him away;
The one of Christian name, in Christian land;
The one an Arab of Sahara's burning sand.

NEVER TOO SMALL

A mouse and a chip and a chicka-dee,
Are three little things very small to see;
Good food for the cat is the mouse so small,
A chip makes a home for the cricket's call,
A bug does the chicka-dee eat for food;
To the small of earth you should not be rude,
To the mouse and chip or the cnicka-dee,
For God made them each some use to be.

SNIP AND SNARL

Snip and Snarl, were my two dogs,
When I was a boy by the fire-place logs;
Snip was white and about as tall
As the potted fern that grew in the hall;
Snarl was big and grizzled and gray,
And always ready for a fight or a fray.

Not very good dogs for a beauty prize,
For they differed so much in looks and size;
Snarl would bite if a stranger came,
But Snip was usually very lame;
They were my dogs and I did not care,
For they'd fight for me at the slightest dare.

All day long they would play with me,
Out in the sun or shade of the tree;
The rabbits and rats and mice and moles,
For them they'd run and dig in their holes;
In the running creek if I'd throw a stick,
They'd bring it back, 'twas a simple trick.

"Good Morning Snarl", and he'd never fail
To give me his paw and wag his tail;
"Roll over Snip" if you want some bread,
His answer would show he knew what I said;
I could hear them bark from far away,
And could almost tell just what they'd say.

Whether you're young or whether your're old,
If you want a friend as good as gold
To follow you close, the life long trail,
No matter what happens, he'll never fail,
For your faithful dog will fight for you
If you'r rich or poor or happy or blue;
Like Snip and Snarl were good to me,
'Till I buried them there 'neath an apple tree.

RETRIBUTION

A spider spun its silver thread
In corner, dark and grim;
A corner square of rough hewn stones,
Marked rude with skull and bones;
A spider black with beady eyes,
And legs of thread like size.

A ray of light through iron bars,
The sunshine from the sun;
The sunshine made a crimson red,
Upon the silver web;
'Twas all the color in the cell,
As dark as ebon Hell.

The spider toiled and wove its life
In each and every thread;
Each thread cut from its measured span,
As want takes life from man;
But God sent in one ray of light,
To paint the web of night.

A heavy breath, a murmured curse,
The world was all outside;
Outside the world of freedom air
Where laughter banished care;
The rose that grows beside the way,
Grows thorns for every day.

A hand that never knew of toil,
As cold as icy chill;
With icy chill as cold as death,
It crushed the spider's breath,
It tore its web of silver gleam,
And cursed the sunlight stream.

Naught else of life behind the bars—
Only the one alone;
Alone behind the bars so cold,
A craven soul was sold;
Out in the world of freedom air,
Crushed hearts like spider's hair.

BURNING BRAMBLES

The Spring was best for clearing time, when me and pa
were boys,

Before I'd go to bed at night and put away my toys,
Pa'd say to me: "Tomorrow, son, some brambles we must
burn;

"A little field way down the road, of thorns and thick with
fern."

When morning came I ate my mush and fed the dog and cat,
And then from ma some matches got and found my oldest
hat;

We started out to work that day for me and pa worked hard.
He'd say to me: "Come on, my boy", as if I were his pard;
I found a piece of old rail fence and whittled shavings thin,
While pa piled up some brush and weeds, much higher than
his chin;

I took a match from off the bunch, that ma had given me,
I scratched it then upon my pants, right there upon my knee;
Gee whiz! The flames and smoke and sparks, they went a
curling high,

And then some smoke got in my eyes and almost made me
cry;

You ought to see the rats and mice and little rabbits gray,
They climbed amongst the weeds and brush and some ran
far away;

A lot of sparks lit on my hat and some lit on my dog,
But Towser only wagged his tail, and barked behind a log;
I used to like to brambles burn and see the fire run,
With little boys that kind of work is always half way fun.
While we were going home that night, my pa, to me he said,
"You'll find the world of brambles full, and many thorns
ahead;

"You'd better keep along the road, where brambles never
grow,

"If you of honor care to reap, you must of good deeds sow."

THE WEEK

'Tis Sunday morning, don't you hurry,
For naught this day of fuss or flurry;
So wear good clothes and comb your hair,
And go to church and say a prayer,
And then come home, of chicken eat,
And take a walk way down the street.
When darkness comes then sing a song,
And go to sleep for all night long.

'Tis Monday morn and you feel blue,
You've got to work for bills are due;
If selling goods or digging spuds,
Or cooking food or washing duds,
You've got to work from morn 'till night,
To exercise your muscles right.
Don't grow cross at friend or foe,
Then very quick will Monday go.

'Tis Tuesday morning—settle down
And don't be cross and do not frown,
For work is good, you're in the swim,
So closely stick, with zest and vim;
For all the day 'tis but a game,
So don't break down or don't go lame;
When night shall come you'll be ahead,
Then give of thanks for daily bread.

You've pulled through fine for Wednesday morn,
Then be so glad that you were born
And grind the corn and make some meal,
'Tis doing things—how good you feel;
Then laugh and smile and happy be,
You've swam half way across the sea.
The clock has ticked the hours away,
And you have won the fight that day.

A Thursday morn has come to you,
'Tis strange how fast the hours flew;
Then tie your shoe strings good and tight,
That they may hold until the night;

Roll up your sleeves if hard the toil,
Don't be afraid your hands will soil;
When night shall come, then you'll go home,
'Tis better than the world to roam.

'Tis Friday morn the day for fish,
'Twill make a very savory dish,
They'll give you strength and help your brain,
So every day you'll courage gain.
So fast the week is going by,
But hard you've worked, so do not cry;
Unlucky, some the day may term,
But luck's with you if you stand firm.

The week has sped to Saturday,
You've worked right hard to win the fray;
'Tis sure you never will regret
The cares and troubles you have met;
In winning them you've honor gained,
As soldiers for a fight have trained.
So close the week and close it fair,
For you 'twill be an answered prayer.

Each day the week, to you may bring,
Shall be as pearls upon a string;
So live them right, for after dawn
They come and go—forever gone.
They're part of sorrow part of joys,
But worry not o'er broken toys.
The week days each for you are made,
So do your best—be not afraid.

THE BIRTH OF THE DAY

A day from the night, on the peak was born;
A cradle of clouds was the gift of morn.
Away over there was a shadow gray ,
God brushed its away for the coming day;
Then He took from the sun its radiant beams,
And He fashioned a brush of silvery gleams;
Then He painted the trees in glistening white,
For birth of day, that was born of the night.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

To you, from friend, away out West,
A "New Year" greeting, of the best.
For you, for every day of year,
A "Heart" that knows not aught of fear;
A "Home", that sweetest place of earth,
Of "Plenty" may there be no dearth;
May "Love" that binds, be good and true,
And "Joy" and "Peace" each share with you;
May all of "Good" that Heaven can give
Be yours, through every day you live.
A harvest from the seed you sow,
And "Peace" on you a Crown bestow,
A blessing from all creeds and caste,
And God reward you at the last.

THE END

There's always an end to everything,
Except God's word and a golden ring;
Maybe there's more of which I can't think,
As an endless chain with many a link.

There's an end of thought and an end of life,
An end of worry and an end of strife;
If there wasn't an end 'twould be a long time,
To live in this world of stormy clime.

It isn't so long from beginning to end,
And in every life there's many a bend;
Sometimes it breaks or the bend is wrong,
Or a string may snap in the midst of a song.

Sometimes we wish, forever we'd live,
That God more time to us would give;
But it matters not if long or short,
Life's tangled threads we'd never sort.

Perhaps at the end there may be gold—
Or a silver plate with letters bold;
We'll find, just the same, when our sands have run,
There's many a flaw in the shroud we've spun.

Let's say "Goodnight" when our sun shall set,
Let's say "Goodbye" to worry and fret;
Let's say "Hullo" if we meet again
At the farther end of a twisted lane.

Contents

THE FLAG OF PEACE.....	Page 7
Preparedness	8
Troubles in a Toy Shop.....	9
Get on The Merry-Go-'Round.....	10
Birth of the Poppy.....	11
Morning and Evening.....	12
Little Shoe Strings.....	13
Fate.....	14
The White Soul.....	15
The Folly.....	16
Mickey's Christmas.....	17
Holding Me.....	18
Kathleen.....	19
Portals of the Past.....	20
A Reverie.....	21
The Two Shadows.....	21
The Moon Children and the Tide.....	22
Sometimes.....	23
The Fallen Monarch.....	24
Forgetting.....	25
The Two Voices.....	26
Pa and Me.....	27
Yesterday.....	27
Little Whispers.....	28
My Wish.....	29
The End of His Trail.....	30
The Lily of Easter.....	31
The Two.....	32
The Song of The Stream.....	33
Tomorrow.....	34
The Old Ox Shoe.....	35
Two in a Boat.....	36
Labor and Wealth.....	37
Marguerite.....	38
A Maiden's Way.....	39
Knuckle Down.....	40
Some Day.....	41
The City Beautiful.....	42
Hullo Jim!.....	43
My Dream Town.....	44
Sunset on Rubidoux.....	45
Little Blue Bells.....	46
Away From the City.....	47
Blowing the Bubbles.....	48
A Mother's Love.....	49
The Dance of the Leaves.....	50
Mount Saint Helena.....	51
Good-Bye.....	52
Please.....	52
My Doctor Friend.....	53
Why?.....	54
Snip and Snarl.....	55
Retribution.....	56
Burning Brambles.....	57
The Week.....	58
The Birth of the Day.....	56
A Happy New Year.....	60
The End.....	61

Berkeley.

Tell of all the wonders, of trees, of mountains high,
Of grandeur of Yosemite, of blue and gold of sky,
Tell of mighty forests, of land's prolific yield,
Of peace of waves of Ocean, of gold of earth unsealed,
Of a City built from ashes, of a people strong and brave,
Of a heritage of wonder, from mount to Ocean wave.

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS

WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH
DAY AND TO \$1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY
OVERDUE.

OCT 27 1940M

1 Mar 49 W

25 MY 55 MD

MAY 11 1955 LU

29 Mar 61 LU

LD LD

3 1967

LD 21-100m-7,'40 (6936s)